

SERIAL STORY

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

Author of "The Man on the Box," "Hearts and Masks," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barscheit, tells how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Doppelkinn, an old widower. While riding horseback in the country night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds Princess Hildegarde and a friend, Hon. Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to witness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose of felling the grand duke. Steinbock attempts to kiss the princess and she is rescued by Warrington. Steinbock disappears for good. Max Scharfenstein, an old American friend of Warrington's, rushes Barscheit. Warrington tells him of the princess. Scharfenstein shows Warrington a locket with a picture of a woman inside. It was on his neck when he, as a boy, was picked up and adopted by his foster father, whose name he was given. He believes it to be a picture of his mother. The grand duke announces to the princess that she is to marry Doppelkinn the following week. During a morning ride she plans to escape. She meets Scharfenstein. He finds a purse she has dropped but does not discover her identity. Warrington entertains at a public restaurant for a number of American medical students. Max arrives late and relates an interesting bit of gossip to the effect that the princess has run away from Barscheit. He unwittingly offends a native officer and subjects himself to certain arrest. Max is persuaded to take one of the American student's passports and escape. The grand duke discovers the escape of the princess. She leaves a note saying she has eloped. Efforts are made to stop the princess at the frontier. Betty Moore asks for her passport. She asks Warrington for assistance in leaving Barscheit, and invites him to call on her in London. Max finds the princess in the railway carriage. She accuses him of following her. He returns to her the purse he had found. It contained a thousand pounds in bank notes. At the frontier Max and the princess are arrested and taken to Doppelkinn's palace. The grand duke arrives and proposes that the princess shall marry Doppelkinn at once. Doppelkinn refuses.

CHAPTER XI (Continued).

How the girl's eyes sparkled! She was free. The odious alliance would not take place.

"Who is that?"

Everybody turned and looked at Max. His arm was leveled in the direction of a fine portrait in oil which hung suspended over the fireplace. Max was very pale.

"What's that to you?" snarled the prince. He was what we Yankees call "hopping mad." The vase was worth a hundred crowns, and he never could find a leaf to replace the one just broken.

"I believe I have a right to know who that woman is up there," Max spoke quietly. As a matter of fact he was too weak to speak otherwise.

"A right to know? What do you mean?" demanded the prince fiercely. "It is my wife."

With trembling fingers Max produced his locket.

"Will you look at this?" he asked in a voice that was a bit shaky.

The prince stepped forward and jerked the locket from Max's hand. But the moment he saw the contents his jaw fell and he rocked on his heels unsteadily and staggered back toward the duke for support.

"What's the matter, prince?" asked the duke anxiously. After all Doppelkinn was an old crony, and maybe he had been harsh with him.

"Where did you get that?" asked the prince hoarsely.

"I have always worn it," answered Max. "The chain that went with it originally will no longer fit my neck."

"Arnheim! . . . Duke! . . . come and look at this!"—feebly.

"Good heaven!" cried the duke. "It is the princess!" said Arnheim in awed tones.

"Where did you get it?" demanded the prince again.

"I was found with it around my neck."

"Duke, what do you think?" asked the agitated prince.

"What do I think?"

"Yes. This was around my son's neck the day he was lost. If this should be! . . . If it were possible!"

"What?" The duke looked from the prince to the man who had worn the locket. Certainly there wasn't any sign of likeness. But when he looked at the portrait on the wall and then at Max doubt grew in his eyes. They were somewhat alike. He plucked nervously at his beard.

"Prince," said Max, "before heaven I believe that I may be . . . your son!"

"My son!"

By this time they were all tremendously excited and agitated and white; all save the princess, who was gazing at Max with sudden gladness in her eyes, while over her cheeks there stole the phantom of a smile. If it were true! "Let me tell you my story," said Max. (It is not necessary for me to repeat it.)

The prince turned helplessly toward the duke, but the duke was equally dazed.

"But we can't accept a story as proof," the duke said. "It isn't as if

we were one of the people. It wouldn't matter then. But it's a future prince. Let us go slow."

"Yes, let us go slow," repeated the prince, brushing his damp forehead.

"Wait a moment!" said Col. Arnheim, stepping forward. "Only one thing will prove his identity to me: not all the papers in the world can do it."

"What do you know?" cried the prince, bewildered.

"Something I have not dared tell till this moment,"—miserably.

"Curse it, you are keeping us waiting!" The duke kicked about the shattered bits of porcelain.

"I used to play with the—the young prince," began Arnheim. "Your highness will recollect that I did." Arnheim went over to Max. "Take off your coat," Max did so, wondering. "Roll up your sleeve." Again Max obeyed, and his wonder grew. "See!" cried the colonel in a high, unnatural voice, due to his unusual excitement. "Oh, there can be no doubt! It is your son!"

The duke and the prince bumped against each other in their mad rush to inspect Max's arm. Arnheim's finger rested upon the peculiar scar I have mentioned.

"Lord help us, it's your wine-case brand!" gasped the duke.

"My wine case!" The prince was almost on the verge of tears.

The girl sat perfectly quiet.

"Explain, explain!" said Max.

"Yes, yes! How did this come?"—put there?" spluttered the prince.

"Your highness, we—your son—we were playing in the wine cellars that day," stammered the unhappy Arnheim. "I saw . . . the hot iron . . . I was a boy of no more than five . . . I branded the prince on the arm. He cried so that I was frightened and ran and hid. When I went to look for him he was gone. Oh, I know, it is your son."

"I'll take your word for it, colonel!" cried the prince. "I said from the first

friends,"—with a boldness that only half disguised her real timidity. What would he do, this big, handsome fellow, who had turned out to be a prince, fairly-tale wise?

"Gretchen? I like that better than Hildegarde; it is less formal. Well, then, Gretchen, I can't explain it, but this new order of things has given me a tremendous backbone." He crossed the room to her side. "You will not wed my—my father?"

"Never in all this world!"—slipping around the table, her eyes dim like the bloom on the grape. She ought not to be afraid of him, but she was.

"But I—"

"Yes, have known me only four days," she whispered faintly. "You can not know my mind."

"Oh, when one is a prince,"—laughing—"it takes no time at all. I love you. I knew it was going to be when you looked around in old Bauer's smithy."

"Did I look around?"—innocently.

"You certainly did, for I looked around and saw you."

"But they say that I am wild like a young horse." (Love is always finding some argument which he wishes to have knocked under.)

"Not to me,"—ardently. "You may ride a bicycle every day, if you wish."

"I'd rather have an automobile,"—drolly.

"An airship, if money will buy it!"

"They say—my uncle says—that I am not capable of loving anything."

"What do I care what they say? Will you be my wife?"

"Give me a week to think it over."

"No."

(She liked that!)

"A day, then?"

"Not an hour!"

(She liked this still better!)

"Oh!"

"Not half an hour!"

"This is almost as bad as the duke; you are forcing me."

"If you do not answer yes or no at once, I'll go back to Barscheit and

BLUSHING BLUECOAT AIDS GIRL IN SCANT ATTIRE

PATROLMAN COMES TO RESCUE OF PSYCHE-LIKE FIGURE WITH COVERING OF BLUE.

New York.—Patrolman Jerry Reardon, a young and fair-complexioned bluecoat, looked once and then looked again. He had never noticed any life-size picture of statuary adorning the front stoop of the home of Rev. Edwin A. Keigman, the pastor of the West End Presbyterian church, at 139 West One Hundred and Third street.

Then—

Well, then, Jerry blushed and unconsciously swung on his heel and gazed at the landscape toward Columbus avenue. But there was a murmur of words behind him, and stern duty



Jerry Slipped Off His Coat and Wrapped It About Her.

bade him blush on, if blush he must, but stern duty must, perforce, be obeyed.

So the bluecoat approached the young woman, who was as unconscious of the unconventionality of her appearance as if she were in some ancient Grecian glade and she a nymph of old. She, at least, was in costume for the part.

Jerry slipped off his coat and wrapped it about her. Meantime she murmured that she was seeking the path heavenward. Jerry sent for a patrol wagon. Straggled through the street were mystified at the appearance of a shirt-sleeved bluecoat and a young lady garbed, apparently, in brass buttons and—well—

As we were saying, the pair went to the West One Hundredth street station, where the matron helped in the difficulty. The young woman said that she was Miss Bertha Schmidt, and that she lived with a Mrs. J. Carmichael in West Ninety-Third street. Yes, she had walked all that distance before she was helped into Policeman Jerry's coat.

From the station she was taken to the observation ward at Bellevue hospital, where the physicians said they thought she was suffering from religious mania.

Mrs. Carmichael said the young woman had lost both her parents in the San Francisco earthquake and that the shock of the catastrophe had affected her mind. She had been in the care of a trained nurse from whom she had disappeared.

CARRIES SEVERED LEG.

Logger Shows Great Grit in Going Two Miles After Fatal Injury.

Tacoma, Wash.—Carrying his severed right leg with him, Daniel Stetson, a logger, crawled through two miles of brush to tidewater at Toby Inlet, B. C., got into a boat and rowed another two miles down the coast to a logging camp before finally collapsing. Stetson was hand logging alone. While felling a tree, he was caught as the tree fell. It crushed his right leg into a shapeless mass, practically tearing it off. Stetson completed the work by cutting the shreds of skin which remained.

Although bleeding to death, he retained consciousness and laboriously made his way through the brush to the coast. Foot by foot he crawled over logs and through swamps until he reached the water's edge. Suffering untold agony, he got into a boat and managed to reach a small camp two miles away. Then he collapsed. The men procured a launch and took him into Lund. From there he was conveyed to the Vananda hospital, where every attempt was made to save his life, but the shock and the loss of blood had been too much and he died the next day.

Orders His Own Coffin.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—Jack Smith, a reputed millionaire of Atlanta, Ga., came here and placed an order with a local casket company for the construction of his coffin and vault.

A wooden model of each is now being made, and the coffin is to be of steel, mahogany trimmed, while the vault will be of steel and cement.

Smith says he will remain here until the models are completed and he is satisfied with them. Smith, it is said, prides himself that he never wore a necktie, and when an artist put one on him he refused to pay for the picture, and later defended and won a \$10,000 damage suit started by the artist.

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